

The Trip

I'm almost there, I'm working my way
To get ready to ride, I'm riding each day.
Hiking and biking and all the rest-
I'm getting in shape, getting ready to test.
A call from the Poncho, pace car is by Pat
We're crossing the desert, the trips where it's at.

The plan is for Ricky to ride part of each day,
The rest of the ride is for Poncho to say.
Two weeks of training and cutting my time-
Time for the ride, I'll be doing just fine.
The trip starts tomorrow, I'm ready to fly,
Little I knew that disaster was nigh.

Last day of training, I'm headed for home.
Front tire goes flat and so goes my bone.
I bounce on the road and crawl to the curb-
I'm soon to discover, my trips been disturbed.
Para-Medics and Firemen help analyze,
It's a trip to the hospital, I'm now to surmise.

I call from ER to tell Pat there's no trip,
My bike and my body have suffered a rip.
The Doctor now tells me "It's broken for sure.
I'll pin you together, but forget the bike tour."
Poncho and Pat come, to tell me goodbye,

My heart is so heavy, I really did try.

With my car and a new rack they head for the West-

While I'll lay on my back and face my own test.

Six weeks the Doc says, that sounds like a year,

To lay here in Rehab, here on my rear.

I have my own wheel chair, a walker as well-

From the bike trip I planned, I'm now riding to hell.

It's at home I now rest, three weeks have gone by.

Three more to go-time does not fly.

I've hired a gardener, housekeeper and such,

Grab bars in the bathroom, to help stay in touch.

I'm soon to get ready, I'm soon to get strong

Maybe next time I'll leave the training wheels on.

--Richard Guthrie